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THE  
**SPOUTING-CLUB:**

A

Mock HEROIC, COMICO, FARCEO,  
TRAGICO, BURLESQUE

**P O E M.**

---

By the AUTHOR of  
**The ROBIN HOOD SOCIETY: A Satire.**

---

"*Conamur tenuis grandia.*"

HOR.

"A Place there is, where such young *Quixotes* meet,  
"Tis call'd the SPOUTING-CLUB. A glorious Treat!  
"Where 'Prentic'd Kings alarm the gaping Street."

GARRICK.

---

L O N D O N:

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THE  
STOUTING-CLUB;

BY H. H. Hargrave, Comtoor, MARCIA  
Editor, "Gymnast."

M E O P

William Watty

The following is a sketch of the  
Lithuanian Society; A series

London.

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# THE SPOUTING-CLUB, &c.

**N**OW o'er the World in sable Vesture clad,  
 Night rolls her awful Clouds: Her  
 misty Veil  
 Hangs black'ning 'fore the Eye, whose visual  
 Orb  
 In vain attempts to penetrate the Gloom  
 Condens'd, save where the Cotton 'mers'd in Oil  
 Within some glaffy Concave yields its Flame  
 Twinkling; and save where in some servile  
 Hand  
 Behind a rattling Coach, the tædal Stick  
 Held waving, glimmers on the Face of Things.  
 Free from the Bus'nesh of a bustling World,  
 This Interval indulging, to the Club  
 Of Spouters I repair, where mortal Forms  
 Borne high upon the Feathers of Conceit,

Rise into Air, whilst puffing Blasts of Wind  
 Bursting from loosely-flying Fancy's Cave,  
 Blow them to Regions where *Theatra* reigns.  
 Here o'er the Summit of a Chair I loll ;  
 My circumspective Eyes explore the Room  
 Illuminated. In th' extremest Verge  
 Objects alternate strike my wond'ring Sight,  
 Features distinct and various, while upon  
 The Tables oval, the resplendent Cups  
 Their pure Contents and frothy Surface boast  
 Invigorant : *Virginia's* wholesome Plant  
 Lies in the Centre : With the Clay-form'd  
 Tubes

Each Member graces his extended Hand,

Above the rest, with Lordly Looks erect,  
 Deputed sits the Regent of the Night  
 In Elbow Chair pre-eminent. His Arm  
 The Silence-knocking Hammer wields. Be-  
 fore His optic Balls are plac'd two shining Orbs,  
 Betwixt whose Pewter Confines, interspers'd  
 With glitt'ring Pieces of argental Coin,

Lic

Lie, wide spread, Half-pence jingling at the  
Touch.

There great he sits with Glee magnificent,  
The strong Potation quaffing. On the Slate  
The num'rous Pots he marks with Aspect  
keen.

So, with superior Power invested, sits  
A Constable elate in House rotund  
Imbibing Porter solid. With an Air  
Self - confident, he scrawls those Captives  
Names

Who're taken by the Guardians of the Night,  
And lets them not escape 'till Bribe is paid.

Now moves around with Circulation quick  
The Tankard less'ning ; soon again receives  
Its due Completion : Like the changing Tide,  
It ebbs and flows alternate. Curling Spires  
Ascending, paint the paper'd Canopy  
Fuliginous : The Wafture dims the Sight,  
And thro' the smoaky Veil the Candles burn  
Azure. But lo ! — a *Rofcian* stands erect !  
Hight *Ezra*\* ; on whose Care-denoting Brows

\* A diminutive Hebrew ; a great Spouter.

**Beauty had form'd great Hogarth's spiral Line,  
And on his auburn Face profus'dly spread  
Her Rayless Wrinkles, and Jaded's Leer.**

This little *Thespian* I long Time had mark'd,  
Saw Meditation hover o'er his Brow,  
And all his Faculties absorb'd in Thought.

He bends his Head addressive to the Board,  
And thus harangues ; " Why fit we here thus  
" mute,

\* And frustrate all the Purpose of our Meet-  
“ ing?

" Already has the hoarse-lung'd Watchman  
        " bawl'd

"Past Ten o'Clock." Thus saying, forth he stalks

With Steps theoretic. Now, the Signal giv'n,  
All bend their Eyes on him. No longer now  
Pauses the Youth, but storms in wild *Macbeth*.

Lo, now apparent on his horrid Front,  
Sits grim Distortion. Ev'ry Feature's lost,  
Screw'd horrible, and ghastly. On the Stage  
Of Quack Itinerant, I thus have seen  
An *Andrew* wring the Muscles of his Face,  
Deform-

Deforming Nature, and extort the Grin  
And Wonder of the many-headed Crowd.

He spoke ; when streight a loud applauding  
Noise  
Ensues, the Clap of Hands and Thump of  
Feet  
Now mingling, Knuckles on the Table's Verge  
With Fury beating, and the Thwack of Sticks  
Joining, confirm the Thunder of Applause.  
Tremble the Pewter Vessels, and within  
The Fluid fluctuates : The surging Pipes  
Roll from their Beds of Tin : The Wooden  
Plain  
Is strew'd on all Sides with the clatt'ring Ruin,  
Thus when the noisy *Moxalinda*'s crown'd  
With Earthen Ware, against a Wall she reels  
Sliding and stagg'ring, down descends the  
Load  
Resounding on the Earth. The startled Eye  
In wild Amaze the scattered Fragments views  
Convolving thick. Affected with the Shock  
The black'ning Kennel heaves its little Wave.

Lo now another of theoric Mould  
 Rises in clouded Majesty, yclep'd  
 Rantwell \*. Forth issue from his steaming  
 Mouth,

No longer 'prison'd there, huge Alps of Smoke  
 Riding upon the Bosom of the Air.

Him had his cruel in-auspicious Fate  
 Destin'd to oil, to dress the flowing Curl,  
 And with nice Hand to weave the yielding  
 Hair;

But each revolving, rising, setting Sun,  
 Beheld this Hero looking on his Trade  
 With Eyes indignant. His exalted Soul  
 Launch'd 'yond the Limits of his narrow  
 Sphere.

Fraught with extended Notions of the Stage,  
 His noble, daring Mind, the Drama's Laws  
 Sole entertain'd, yet through the Texture  
 strong  
 That bound his Intellects, Sense could not  
 pierce,  
 But floated on the Surface of his Brain.

## THE

\* One T-yl-r, a Spouter; great amongst the greatest.

THE lofty Tonsor now assumes the Port  
 Of Tyrant *Richard*, and with awkward Strut  
 Affects majestic Air. So have I seen  
 At jovial Country Fairs, and merry Wakes,  
*Roger* begin the Dance, but wanting Skill,  
 Betray himself unequal to the Task.  
 Thy graceful Periods so oft admir'd,  
 Divine inspired *Shakespear* ! on his Tongue,  
 Imperfect die away. His labour'd Speech  
 Sounds gutt'ral, like the hoarsely-croaking  
 Race,  
 Upon the Banks of some pellucid Stream.

SCARCE had he finish'd, when salutes his  
 Ear,  
 The mingled Noise, upon the dusty Floor  
 Reverberated. Down the Shaver sits,  
 Well-pleas'd ; and next up starts *Hibernia's*  
 Son,  
 Like some Enthusiast on a Tripod rais'd,  
 To catch each Child of Folly. Now the Cork  
 Intruded swift into the Candles Blaze,  
 Is nigrified, and marks th'aspiring Youth  
 With

With Whiskers bold. Ferocity now darts  
 From either Eye her broad unmeaning Stare.  
 In *Bajazet* he raves, and lowring, bids  
 Defiance: 'yond just Nature's ample Pow'r  
 He rants elaborate. His roaring Voice  
 Calls Echo forth respondent. On the Mart  
 Of fishy *Billinggate* thus have I heard  
 A harsh Lung cracking Noise, nor yet to this  
 Dissimilar.—He ended; but the Tribe  
 With-held the grasp'd at Banners of Applause.  
 Then down he sat with Aspect stern and dull,  
 But streight emerging from a Sea of Thought,  
 He swallow'd hasty the salubrious Stream  
 And re-inthron'd his abdicated Soul.

GREAT Stentor next his Meteor lays down  
 Igniferous. Him had his Parents sent  
 To *London*, (Seat of Bus'ness) there the Laws  
 Of Albion's State to learn and exercise.  
 For he, a well-experienc'd Youth was found  
 Whose quick turn'd Eyes foresaw each Quibble  
 And Quirk evasive, and whose supple Heart,  
 Like to the Twig that bends to every Blast,

Or

Or Virgin Wax, that yields to any Form,  
 Was flexible to Fraud. Within his Soul  
 Diffimulation dwelt, and dark Deceit.  
 There too Chicane, in honest Guise array'd,  
 Had sown its Seeds, and poison'd every Grain;  
 Which warm'd by potent Truth's congenial  
 Sun,  
 With Virtue's plenteous Harvest might have  
 teem'd.  
 But fruitless was this Spouter's Parent's Care,  
 'Though sedulous: For scarce two Years had  
 roll'd,  
 Since proud *Augusta* first had bless'd his Eyes,  
 E'er the warm Youth in these Expressions  
 broke.

“ Was it for this, that o'er the Clastic Sea  
 “ I sail'd, and landed on Poetic Shores?  
 “ Have I for this flown round th' *Aonian*  
 “ Mount,  
 “ With Plumes immortal, and so often play'd  
 “ With spotless Muses in *Pierian* Meads?  
 “ Am I, ye Gods! eternally to scribe  
 “ Inglorious? — No: Some Power uplifts  
 “ my Soul,

" Buoyant above the common Herd of Earth's  
 " Dull Reptiles. Hence ye wrong-adjug'd  
 " Reports !  
 " Ye dry Collections, hence ! — I leave ye all  
 " To those grave, solid-looking Fools, whose  
 " Ears  
 " Tautology best charms. Oh, *Shakespear* !  
 " come  
 " With all thy Pupils ! Fire my glowing  
 " Breast,  
 " Expand my Genius, and enlarge my Soul !

KINDLED that instant at the raptur'd  
 Thought,  
 His Intellects, high tow'ring, flew to Realms  
 Dramatic : There, the Storehouse of his Brain  
 He find redundant, Here he tries his Skill  
 Theatric, e'er upon the graceful Stage  
 With Steps adventurous he dares to tread.  
 Thus Children dabble in the shallow Stream,  
 Playful, 'till Fear forsakes their little Souls ;  
 Then bold, they rush into the middle *Thames*.  
 In *Jaffier* now he breathes his ardent Love,  
 With

With Sighs of genuine Fondness. Now his  
Breast

Heaves with the Weight of Jealousy and Rage  
Perplexing ; all *Othello* wars within  
His various-tortur'd Heart. Oh, how his  
Voice

Rises and falls, as *Oysterella's* soft  
And strong, when ev'ry Street and curving  
Lane  
Adjacent, echo the testaceous Cry !  
He spouted—and receiv'd his Share of Praise.

INFLATED with the Swellings of *Conceit*,  
And newly flush'd with bold aspiring Hopes  
Of Excellence, uprises *Leatheronzo* \*

\* This Person was formerly a low Actor at the *Theatre* in the *Haymarket*, and is not *un-notorious* ; but whether he has most *Ignorance* or *Impudence*, is quite so. As an Instance of both, take the following Anecdote. Some Time since, he published in his *Own Name*, "OBSERVATIONS" "on Mr. GARRICK's ACTING." His *Ignorance* appeared, in not knowing that those very Observations, were written and published many Years ago, by Dr. S——re; and his *Impudence*, in setting his Name to a Work, he was conscious he was not the *Author* of. About a Week after the Publication, he applied to the Author of this Satire, to write a Pamphlet for him, which the *very modest* Gentleman was to publish in his own Name of Mr. JOSEPH PTT\*\*D, COMEDIAN. A very modest Request truly !

Fam'd. In repairing worn-out *Calcumens*  
 None was his Equal : No one better knew  
 The pointed *Awl* to handle, yet his Soul,  
 His noble Soul with Rage Dramatic glow'd.  
 And like our *Roscius*, whose Theatric Wings,  
 With rapid Flight, long since have wheel'd  
 him through  
 The sounding Æther of eternal Fame,  
 To Nature's Regions, thinks, too vainly thinks,  
 Like him t'arrest Attention, to extort  
 Th'involuntary Laugh, to bid the Smile  
 Sit dimpling on the Cheek, the pearly Drop  
 Sudden to start from out the humid Eye,  
 Obedient to the Mandate, and to teach  
 Our Souls to melt with sympathetic Woe ;  
 Or to awake each *Briton*'s just Revenge  
 On *Gallic* Perfidy. In mad-struck *Lear*  
 The Scene he opes ; but lo ! for Want of Crown,  
 Paus'd his mock Majesty. Around the Place  
 Long Time his Eyes terrific rowl'd. At length  
 " In a dark Corner of the Room he 'spied"  
 An empty Urinal. Fir'd at the Sight,  
 He snatch'd the Pewter Prize, and to his Head  
 Adapted it, well pleas'd. Now, now he raves  
 With adamantine Lungs ; his Head he moves

*Concussive*, when a Motion *inopine*  
 His Action terminates. Upon the Floor  
 Down falls the Jourdan. As it rolls along,  
 Its Sound in jarring Music rings Applause.

Lo ! now springs forward with elastic Step  
 A Son of Comedy, *Soccado* call'd ;  
 The Tunic dazzling with its golden Pride,  
 The Button-Hole gay-wrought with wond'rous  
 Art,

The Mode-cut Collar, and well-fancy'd Sleeve,  
 Had oft his Art proclaim'd ; yet not to this  
 Was his great Soul confin'd. *Theatra* now  
 (Dramatic Goddess !) whispers in his Ear,  
 And bids him shine away in *Foppington*.

WHERE's now that stately Flatness of the  
 Gait !

That easy Stiffness, which as often seen  
 In thee, O *Cibber* ! is as oft admir'd !  
 Alas ! how faintly, rudely copied here !  
 With Joints inflexible, and Neck oblique,  
 An Object stiff'ning to the Sight, he stands  
 In Attitude unmeaning, and the more

To

To render him ridiculous, he lisps,  
And robs each Word of its emphatic Due.

He finish'd,—when the wonted Noise began  
Loud as his all-attentive Ears could wish,  
Nor less than that which shakes the circled  
Seats

Of Play-house *Upper Gallery*, when some  
Grand-habited and merry *Pantomime*,  
So much delight the num'rous terrene Gods,  
“ As make them rave and piss for Extacy.”\*

**PROLOGUES** and Epilogues now crown the  
Sport,  
By various Genii profusely spoke,  
By stamm'ring *Welchmen* here, and *Scotchmen*  
there.

To periodize the Humours of the Night,  
Now far advanc'd, go round the jovial Song,  
The Laugh-exciting Catch, or wanton Tale  
Re-iterated. *Bacchus*, King of Joys !  
Twines not his Vine-Branch here. **TRUEMAN'S**

**INTIRE**

Reigns

\* A Line in Dryden's Juvenal.

Reigns arbitrary. With its Vapours bland,  
 Their giddy, rolling Heads, anointed, turn  
 Upon an Axis brittle. Total Noise  
 Its Anarchy extends ; but oh ! how soon  
 Terrestrial Joys evaporate ! how swift  
 Our happy Moments fly away ! Amidst  
 Their jocund Glee, and loosely-fleeting Hours,  
*Enter the CONSTABLES* : Ten Watchmen brave  
 Their Presence dignify. Amazement chill  
 Sits on each spouting Face. So looks the Man  
 Involv'd in Debt, when first he 'spies the Front,  
 The Front most hated of a *Catchpole* grim.  
 Not e'en *Macbeth* stands more appall'd with  
 Fright,

*When murder'd Banquo's horrid-glaring Ghost*  
 Disturbs the regal Banquet : Such, so great  
 Their Fear unmanly, that their passive Souls  
 To their hard Fate submit resistless. All,  
 All walk desponding to the *Round-house* dire,  
 And one sad *Exit* ends the Tragic Scene.

ALL hail, to thee, thou young dramatic Bard !  
 Ingenious MURPHY, hail ! Before thy Shrine  
 I bend the Knee. This epidemic Rage

Well

Well hast thou ridicul'd \*. Oh may thy Scenes  
 On Fame's high-pending Annals be inroll'd !  
 And as thy Muse shall henceforth deign to grace  
 Th' enlighten'd Stage, and with a steady Hand  
 To hold up Nature's Mirror, may the Tribe  
 Of snarling Critics with invidious Eye,  
 View the bright Image and confess it just !

\* In the *Apprentice*, a Farce written by Mr. Murphy.

F I N I S H.

Where may be bad, (Price 1 s. 6 d.)

(Adorned with a Frontispiece, representing the  
 Society in Debate)

## The ROBIN HOOD SOCIETY : A Satire.

With Notes Variorum.

" These Monsters, Critics, with your Darts engage ;

" Here point your Thunder, here exhaust your Rage."

POPE.